

DEFENDER MISSIONARY MESSENGER

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Wichita, Kansas

Defender Christians Of Maunabo

By Dr. Gerald B. Winrod

THE EVENTS of Sunday . . . February 10, 1946 will remain permanently engraved upon my memory. It was a pleasant day, invested in the service of the Lord Jesus Christ, among "the forgotten people of the mountains," residing on the southwestern tip of Puerto Rico.

I was at the time, a guest of Rev. J. R. Ubarri, Pastor of our Church at Guayama—a beautiful little city on the south side of the Island. Mr. Ubarri is also overseer of Defender Churches in the Southern District of Puerto Rico.

Arrangements were made before my arrival, to spend the morning and afternoon with our congregation in the mountains, out from the town called Maunabo (pronounced "Maw-nabo").

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THERE ARE ample reasons for describing Puerto Rico as "the Isle of Enchantment" and "the Gem of the Caribbean." It is one of the beauty spots of the world. After a visit there, Theodore Roosevelt referred to it as "the Switzerland of America."

For natural loveliness, romantic history, sharply contrasting shades of life, color and customs, the Island remains in a class by itself. Rich with Spanish lore, it occupies a place unique in the land areas over which the Stars and Stripes fly.

A place more luxurious in natural beauty can scarcely be imagined. High mountains are perpetually covered with the green mantle of spring. Sugar cane fields flourish on broad plains like acres of full-dress plumes. Tropical tides wash gently against numerous beaches, leav-



This picture of Dr. Winrod and Rev. Ubarri was taken in front of the Defender Church at Guayama . . . of which Rev. Ubarri is the Pastor.

ing them neat, clean and white. Over all this, the sun shines brightly in a sky that is eternally blue.

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WE LEFT THE CAPITAL CITY of San Juan, Saturday morning, February 9th, crossed the high mountain range that runs almost the entire distance of the Island from east to west, and reached Ponce for an afternoon Gospel broadcast through Station WPAB. After that, we motored to Guayama for an evening service.

Sunday morning found us in Mr. Ubarri's car, driving westward along a highway canopied by gorgeous palm tree branches, strewn on both sides with tropical vegetation. We passed through several villages, observed the many evidences of poverty that characterize living conditions in this part of the world, took note of the multiple forms of squalor and suffering which can be alleviated only by the transforming power of the Gospel . . . and resolved in our hearts to do even more to help these forgotten,

downtrodden people in the future, than the past.

We finally reached Maunabo. From there we started our drive back, into the interior. It seemed as though we were leaving one world and moving into another. Everything suddenly changed. For a time we followed a winding trail through vast areas of sugar cane. Then the mountain climb began!

At length, the car was abandoned. The last lap of the steep grade had to be made on foot. From that point, native Puerto Ricans, living back in the deep interior, are obliged to walk the narrow trails, or go by horseback.

Tucked away on a mountain ledge, beneath huge trees whose branches reach in all directions, I came upon a little Defender Church. The structure, erected to accommodate about seventy-five persons, reflected in physical appearance the humility and poverty of the precious people who built it.

The unpretentious little building was propped up on wood pillars as a precaution against termites. The sides and roof were made of tin and corrugated iron. No glass being available, the windows were of solid wood, to be opened and closed like doors.

Only a few worshippers had assembled when we arrived. But Mr. Ubarri called me outside a short time later, to watch whole families coming down steep mountain trails, from three different directions, all moving in the direction of the Church.

No less than one hundred persons were soon packed into the little building—with an equal number listening through the open door and windows. And such singing! And earnest praying!

After an extended devotional service, in which everyone outside and inside heartily and joyfully participated, Mr. Ubarri called upon me for the sermon. I spoke in English. He interpreted the message into Spanish. There were several bright conversions at the close.

During twenty-six years of public service in the Christian Ministry, I have preached in many Churches—but none to me more beautiful, characterized by an atmosphere more inspiring, than the

LITTLE DEFENDER CHURCH OF THE MOUNTAINS NEAR MAUNABO.

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SEVERAL MONTHS HAVE PASSED since my visit to this Church—which, by the way, is a symbol of scores of other such centers of worship, established and maintained by the Defenders organization, in Puerto Rico.

By the middle of last August, the congregation felt it had become strong enough to support a Pastor. They expressed a desire to call Mr. Eustaquio Lebron, whom they knew to be almost ready for ordination to the Ministry.

Mr. Ubarri approved and the matter was referred to Dr. Rodriguez, our Superintendent on the Island. . . .

Having told of my experience in visiting the Maunabo Church of the Mountains, I shall now quote from Dr. Rodriguez's report regarding the ordination service and the installation of the new Pastor.

"Several weeks ago," says the Superintendent, "our Maunabo Church, visited by Dr. Winrod on the occasion of his last Missionary trip to our Island, wrote asking for the ordination of Brother Eustaquio Lebron. Feeling free in granting the petition, I sent for him to come to Rio Piedras. He stayed here several days.

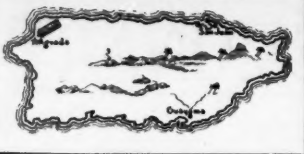
"We told him many things about Ministerial practices, having long since satisfied ourselves as to his personal character and knowledge of the Word. September 2nd, a holiday, was set aside as the date for public examination of the man, and the time to hear his oral testimony in the presence of the people whom he will serve in the Ministry.

"During his stay with us, plans were made for the comfort and convenience of guests who would be sure to come—many from distances.

"I am proud of the little Church. Maunabo Defenders measured up to the occasion. It was a wonderful day. A bus was chartered, and also a military truck, to carry Defender leaders, workers and worshippers from the San Juan metropolitan area. Pictures were taken, eight in number, which I am enclosing.

"And thus I am happy to report progress in the business of soul-saving, evangelizing and organizing for Christ and the Gospel, on this field. **OUR MOUNTAIN CHURCH NEAR MAUNABO HAS PASSED ANOTHER MILESTONE.**"

2 . . . MESSENGER .



LESS than nine months have elapsed since the Defenders Movement launched the project to erect a building in Puerto Rico, designed to accommodate its **THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY and Church CONGREGATION AT RIO PIEDRAS**, under one roof.

The contract price of the undertaking was \$20,700.00. This sum has been paid in five consecutive payments, made according to schedule and the original agreement.

Seminary classes are now being held in the new building, which was finished early in September and put to immediate use.

This School, now in its second year, will serve as a feeder, supplying Ministers and Missionaries to carry the Gospel into all Latin countries. In Puerto Rico alone, there are over eighty native Defender Churches that require trained Ministerial leadership.

Our Congregation in the city of Rio Piedras, is now in its eleventh year. Evangelistic meetings are held every night, the year around. Even with the new building under construction, and the Church worshipping in temporary quarters, the regular nightly tempo of Evangelism was maintained.

The foregoing report is made possible because Defender Friends in the United States have prayed and sacrificed, working in unison with native Missionaries on the field. And through these combined labors a new and important chapter of **MISSIONARY HISTORY** is being written in the West Indies.

"This is the Lord's doing; it is marvelous in our eyes." Psalms 118:23.

A Miracle In Puerto Rico

New York Christians Endure Persecution

OUR MISSIONARY CHURCH in the Spanish-speaking section of New York is precious to the hearts of MESSENGER Readers everywhere.

There are approximately 200,000 Puerto Ricans in New York City—many of whom are true Defender Christians, won to Christ through Missionary labors on the Island. A group got together a few years ago and organized a small congregation.

Services are conducted every night in the Spanish language. Never a week passes but what souls accept Christ. Large numbers of Communists and Jews live in the section of New York where the Church is located. Rev. and Mrs. Jose Hernandez, from Puerto Rico, well

known to MESSENGER Readers, are the Pastors.

During August of this year, the Church began to be terribly persecuted. Enemies of Christ operated according to **EXACTLY THE CONSPIRACY OUTLINED IN ACTS 17:5.**

New York newspapers, particularly "PM," which is owned by Marshall Field . . . and the "Communist Daily Worker," started writing terroristic articles demanding the destruction of the Church. Mobs were organized and picket lines formed. Worshippers who attended services were abused and mistreated.

The last report issued by the Congressional "Committee On Un-American Activities," mentions that there are more

than 150 different Communist organizations functioning in New York City, at this hour.

Mr. Hernandez reports that on a recent Sunday evening, several hundred Jews swooped down upon the premises, requiring over fifty policemen to avert bloodshed and keep order.

Practically all property in that section of New York is owned by Jews. Three years ago, Mr. Hernandez rented a store building from a land-lord of that nationality, and converted it into a place of worship. The name of the Jew is Nathan Edwards. Simultaneously with the persecution launched by Communists, he

wrote an insulting letter demanding that the property be vacated and closed to Divine worship.

When Mr. Hernandez insisted that the rights of the Church as a tenant, were being violated, the land-lord increased the rent from \$78.00 to \$153.00 per month.

As this MESSENGER goes to press, the time is rapidly approaching when Mr. Hernandez will have to vacate the premises. He reports difficulty in finding another place for worship purposes, since, as previously stated, the Harlem and Spanish-speaking sections of New York are controlled almost entirely by Jews.

Under no circumstances should the Spanish Missionary Defenders congregation be disbanded. Through the able leadership of its Pastors, and with the cooperation of other Gospel Churches in New York, it has become a rapidly-growing institution—a beacon light of Gospel truth, where a message exalting the person and deity of the Lord Jesus Christ is faithfully expounded.

Mr. Hernandez says: "Please request all Bible-believing Christians, whom it is possible to reach, to go to their knees for us in prayer. We have confidence that where there is no way, GOD CAN MAKE A WAY."

Alice Zeytoon and Sergeant Dawson

THE DEFENDERS ORGANIZATION carries on extensive Missionary work among the Druzes of the Holy Land . . . with headquarters on historical Mount Lebanon of Old Testament fame. Rev. M. L. Ryan has charge of the program.

The term "Druze" is used to define an esoteric religion, founded in the eleventh century after Christ, rather than a nationality or race of people. It originated with an Egyptian named Al-Lakim, the son of a Russian mother, who proclaimed himself the incarnation of deity. He disappeared mysteriously from Cairo in the year A. D. 1021. The traditions of the system derive largely from Arabic, Syrian and Egyptian sources.

Current estimates place the number of Druzes in the world at approximately 150,000—of which about one-third reside in the Mountains of Lebanon.

They believe there is one God, indefinable, incomprehensible, ineffable and passionless. He has made himself known in seventy successive incarnations, the last having been a leader named Hakim. Jesus is accepted as one such incarnation. Mohammed is rejected. There can be no more, but Hakim will reappear at a future time,



conquer the world and establish himself first in Mecca and later Jerusalem.

Because the system provides that a Druze may pretend to embrace some other religion if it promises to advance his interests, there has been skepticism regarding the effectiveness of Christian Missionary work among them. Mr. Ryan dedicated his life to the welfare of these people more than a score of years ago. He has established schools and worship centers among them . . . seen many soundly converted . . . and built up an enduring Gospel literature in their native language.

UNSETTLED CONDITIONS exist, at the present time, throughout the Near East. This is particularly true of Lebanon. As far back as last May, Mr. Ryan said in a report to Wichita Headquarters:

"Things are tense over here, strained to the breaking point, held in suspense only by the prevailing thought of the terrible consequences should things once break loose. But I have no weight of carnal fear upon my heart for my own safety. Our work is suffering. Be assured, however, that workers of Defender persuasion are still going ahead as though nothing sinister ever would happen.

"The United States Government has already combed out many hundreds of American citizens from danger zones further east than Lebanon and Syria, and transported them on specially chartered ships for that purpose."

This report was followed by another one, a month later, in which Mr. Ryan stated:

"The days are full of strife and confusion. Frequent incidents in the Near East indicate deep indignation. Some are saying, 'When will the storm break?' Another shipload of Americans will embark for the homeland in seven days from this date. I AM NOT YET GOING. I wish to stay to the last minute.

"Stark disappointment and hatred is expressed everywhere against President Truman and his policies on the Palestinian question. Armed police are patrolling on all sides. Yet, I find people hungry for God, and the Word of God.

Wings Over Puerto Rico



This book by Dr. Winrod examines the historical and legendary background of the Greater Antilles (Cuba, Hispaniola, Jamaica, Puerto Rico), traces rise of civilization in the West Indies, shows supreme need to be creative Gospel missionary work. Numerous photographs. PRICE 25¢.

DEFENDER PUBLISHERS

WICHITA, KANS.

One June 21st, our faithful Missionary wrote: "Many Americans continue to leave. I often feel the prayers of the Defender Family—the ones who pray especially for me. If I had fear, I might feel differently. But I have no fear, not even one little quailm."

And again, a few days later: "I do appreciate the loving care manifested by Wichita Headquarters toward me. Feelings are running high. BUT I AM NOT YET MINDED TO DECAMP."

Mr. Ryan's next report, prepared July 22nd, contained these ominous words: "The best people in this area are asking in all seriousness, 'Has the world gone mad?' I am not slacking away from proclaiming the Gospel message, in season, out of season, and the Lord is witnessing to the truth with visible results."

"A shipload of American Missionaries are just leaving from a Palestine port. Many are included from Lebanon and Syria. It would be expecting too much for me to pull up stakes at this time. Whatever the future, I know God will DEFEND His 'Defenders of the Faith.'"

A few days later, the entire Near East was shocked when bombs exploded simultaneously at the United States Legation, British Consulate offices and American University . . . in Beirut, Lebanon.

Mr. Ryan wrote that "honest men in the Lebanese Government are trying to apprehend the terrorists." An investigation was then being directed by the Home Minister, Mr. Saeb Salaam.

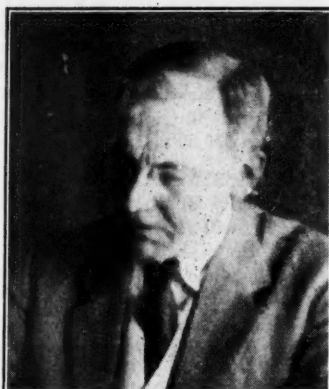
A Beirut newspaper, published in the English language, stated editorially:

"For almost the first time in its history, Lebanon witnesses the emergence of underground terrorist activities directed against foreign institutions with a view to the exertion of political pressure. Without any prejudice to the investigations at present being conducted by the Lebanese Government, it can be reasonably conjectured that the recent attacks on British and American institutions had a predominantly political objective."

"It is still premature to determine the identity of the actual perpetrators, in spite of the growing tension in Palestine, it is suggested with all reservation, that the possibility of the attacks being in protest against the British and American Zionist policy, cannot be altogether excluded."

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ALICE ZEYTOON comes from Druze religious stock. She is a trophy of



Rev. M. L. Ryan

Grace—a beautiful Christian character, thanks to the Missionary Ministry of Mr. Ryan and others who have labored for Christ in Lebanon.

Her loyalty to the tenets of Christianity, answers the question—Whether or not a Druze can become, in the truest sense, a follower of Christ. Our Missionary tells us how this child of the Near East came under the influence of the Gospel, and says:

"Upon my assuming the superintendency of the Mission to the Druzes, Alice began to manifest interest in the work. I took pains to instruct her. She improved her English; learned to operate a typewriter; set most of the type for our Magazine, and acted as nurse and assistant when I was called to homes of villagers overtaken with accident or illness. Alice made herself indispensable to the Mission."

"Having at last grown to womanhood, slight of figure, she had not as yet attained to a polished education. Native

keenness and quick response to duty atoned for this to a great degree. People liked and trusted her. Villagers praised her; but they secretly debated whether she would develop into a real Christian."

"For centuries evangelical missions have wrestled with the difficult psychology of Eastern lands, that no Druze ever became actually converted to Christianity. It is claimed, even by the Eastern Churches, that Druzes merely play the part of Christians to gain some selfish end. I regret much, to have heard this stereotyped statement from the mouths of Missionaries. It is a hindrance to vital evangelism. Miss Alice kept her ears open to the essential Christian truths; and how much she took them to heart will be her own story sometime."

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DURING THE LAST FEW YEARS, Alice has become an invaluable worker, teacher and soul-winner in the Defender Mission Station at Mount Lebanon. But the War was destined to bring about a complete change in her life.

Among the honorable and restricted troops stationed by the British Government in the Near East, was Sergeant J. Dawson—who met Alice and became so impressed with her qualities of Christian character, that he asked her to become his wife and return to England with him.

The picture of these two splendid people, reproduced with this article, was taken soon after Alice confided the fact of their engagement to Mr. Ryan. But she explained, with emphasis:

"When I reach England, I will still be a Defender Missionary, witnessing for Christ."

Zeheye Saab

By Rev. M. L. Ryan

ZEHYEY SAAB was a student in our Mission School for five years. She was then sent to a school for girls where she made great advancement. This was followed by two years training in the Ain Anoub Christian School. Zeheye accepted Christ during early childhood, grew into a refined Druze girl, and lived true to her convictions.

She was authorized to teach branch school in the north part of Aitah among the fellahs (peasants), who do not get along well with the children of Amirs, Beys, Sheiks and Nobles. Here

she accomplished a most helpful work in the midst of the fellah population, continuing her daily task cheerfully, patiently and with thoroughness, even after marriage and during the infancy of three children.

Daughter of a Fellah, her father a cripple unable to work, faced with poverty, often dire, she rose from nonentity, to a point of virtue and piety where even the nobility highly respect her.

She has succeeded in combining rugged health and refinement, educational culture, and the confident poise of a Christian overcomer.

Shall not this Christian work of the Defenders Missions in the Lebanon Mountains be made to thrive as "the trees of the Lord's planting?" (Isaiah 61:3).

TESTING THE TITHE

TWO FAMILIES established themselves on several acres of land where there were two houses. One house faced one road, the other another road, and the land ran between these two roads. It was the same kind of land throughout, with not even a fence separating the two plots. One family farmed half of it, the other family the other half.

The two men worked at a factory and farmed their land after working hours. Neither man professed religion, but their wives were members who believed in tithing. Both men learned from their wives and the Bible, that they should pay tithe. As a result one paid tithe, the other did not.

They purchased their seed from the same place, the factory store. They planted the same things. They cultivated the same amount of soil. They used the same amount of fertilizer. They put the same amount of labor on their crops. I watched it all with my own eyes, for I lived nearby for a whole summer.

One man's farm prospered. The other man's farm failed. The sun shone on them both. The same rain fell on both. They had the same attention. But the tomato worms and potato bugs, the corn borers and cutworms seemed almost to know that one man was a tithe payer and the other was not. And they seemed to have discovered which was which.

At any rate, these devourers were all in the growing things of the non-tither, and the tithe payer was not troubled greatly with them. The result was astonishing. The non-tither complained incessantly that the land wouldn't grow anything. The tither exhibited his products.

And there before my eyes for an entire summer I saw worked out in a way I can never forget what it means to have God working in behalf of man. No one can ever convince me that it does not pay, even in temporal ways, to serve the living God faithfully, and make His service first in everything. Yes, lives of devoted faithfulness do have some connection with material safety and temporal welfare.

★ ★ ★

THIRTEEN YEARS AGO I held a series of evangelistic meetings in New York

City. Among those who attended was an elderly spinster who later came to be affectionately known among us as "Sister Clancy," for she joined the Church. I need not add that she was Irish.

She followed the Bible lectures with deepest interest. It was plain she already knew God.

When she learned about tithing, she was troubled. She waited until I had shaken hands with all the others after a meeting, and then approached me. In her delightful brogue she said:

"I want a few words with you."

"Yes, sister."

"You said that all God's children should pay one tenth of their income to Him."

"Yes; that is, I read it from the Bible."

"That's what I mean. Now, I want to know if you think I should pay tithe."

"Why, surely—"

"Wait a minute. You don't know about me yet. Wait until I tell you. And then say whether God expects me to pay Him one tenth of my income."

"I am listening."

"Very well, then. I am alone in the world. I have no relatives but one niece. She lives in Boston, and is married. I have no income, no pension, from any source I am beyond the age when I can work. And my sole support is furnished by this nephew by marriage. He sends me \$6 a week. He

doesn't have to send it, but, bless God, he does. That is all I have in the world."

"Well—"

"Wait a bit longer until you hear more, and you will be able to tell me what I ought to do. The cheapest room I can get costs me \$4.50 a week, and it remains that low because I have lived there a long time, and a good-hearted land-lord has never raised the rent. And so I have \$1.50 a week to live on, and that's all I have. Now, if I pay tithe on my income of \$6, or 60 cents a week, I will have, after paying my room rent, just 90 cents a week to live on. So now you know all about me. Do you think God expects me to pay tithe?"

I confess there never was a time when I wanted so much to say, "No, you poor soul, God can get along without your 60 cents a week. You keep it and feed yourself with it."

But who was I to change divine requirements? What authority do I, or does any other Preacher, have to modify or abolish inspired commandments?

Looking down into those serious earnest eyes of the dear old Irish lady, I told her that it was my understanding that she should obey God and pay tithe, and that while God did not need her money, she needed God's abundant blessing that faithfulness in tithe paying would bring. And she replied, quite contentedly:

"Very well, Pastor. If God's blessed Word says so, I'll pay tithe. He has never failed me yet, and I've walked with Him many the years. He will not fail me now."

★ ★ ★

THE NEXT week she brought me her 60 cents. How I did want to return it to her, and tell her that God's cause would somehow manage to struggle along without her 60 cents. But I did not dare to interfere with God's arrange-

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ments. So I turned her tithe over to the Church treasurer, who wrote out a receipt and gave it to Sister Clancy.

Week by week she faithfully and gladly brought her 60 cents. And it became a habit with me to stoop down and whisperingly inquire: "Is everything going all right, Sister Clancy?" Invariably her reply was, "It is, thank God."

Once when I so inquired, she added, "It is amazing how kind the neighbors are since I began to pay tithe. They bring me in things, so many things. And they never used to do it. Do you know Pastor, that somehow my 90 cents seems to go farther and buy more than ever my dollar and a half did?"

Months later she came into my study, squared her shoulders, gave her head a bit of a shake, and said:

"I've had my wages raised."

"Tell me about it."

"That nephew by marriage of mine, blessings on him, wrote me a letter. Here 'tis. And he tells me in it that his income has increased, and as he thought of how to use the extra money, it was borne in on him that I might not raise any protest if from now on he sent me \$10 a week instead of \$6. And here is the first \$10 payment. And now, praise be, my tithe goes up to \$1 instead of 60 cents. Instead of having 90 cents a week to live on, I now have \$4.50. I dunno whatever I'm to do with all my money. Ah Pastor dear, how faithful the good Lord is to do all He promises!"

God promises to bless the faithful tithe payer. And God's blessing upon our lives amounts to something. You

may learn for yourself that nine tenths of your income, with the blessings of God upon it, will go much farther and do much more than ten tenths of your income with the curse of God upon it.

Faithfulness in tithe paying is God's ancient receipt for immunity against financial depression and disaster. God invites us to a test. Shall we not test Him on this point? Let us be faithful in tithe paying, not for the purpose of getting more money, but in order to be in union and harmony with our Maker. Then all the agencies under His control will work for us. And when God is for us, who can be against us?

(This article, first published in tract form by Rev. Ithamar Quigley of Elizabeth, New Jersey, is reproduced in The Messenger by special permission.)

MY PERSONAL TESTIMONY

Rev. Jacob Rosenthal
Missionary To The Jews

I THANK DR. WINROD for this opportunity of telling Defender Christians about how I passed from darkness into light on February 2, 1928. My story divides itself into three sections.

SECTION I

I was born and raised in a strict, orthodox Jewish family. I was confirmed in the Jewish Synagogue at the age of thirteen. My parents got me married when I was eighteen.

I never heard the name of Jesus mentioned at any of this time. I never saw the inside of a Church of any denomination where Jesus was preached prior to my conversion.

I was instructed in the Hebrew school not to go near a Church. I was praying in the Synagogue three times a day, every day.

SECTION II

On February 2, 1928 I met a personal worker engaged in home Missionary work and she asked if I believed in God. I told her that every Jew believes in one God.

Then she asked me concerning the Son and the Holy Spirit. I told her that God had no Son and there was no Holy



Spirit—that God never was married to have a Son.

After that she said if I did not believe the Son and rejected the Holy Spirit, I was already condemned. She opened a little book and read John 3:18 to me, which says:

"He that believeth on him is not condemned: but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God."

Then I became angry and left her. In order to get even with her, considering myself badly insulted, I bought a New Testament to see for myself what it said on the subject. I did not believe she was actually quoting Scripture.

Somehow I started reading from the second chapter of Matthew. By the time I reached John 3:18, I knew she had told me the truth. I felt condemned inside for

rejecting the only begotten Son of God. I next compared what I had learned with the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah. Then and there I trusted the Son, not as a good man, but as my personal Saviour, realizing that I was condemned according to the Scriptures.

I was afraid to tell my wife and mother-in-law, who was in the house at the time. But next day, my wife caught me in the act of reading the New Testament. She inquired if I believed what I was reading. I confessed to her that I had trusted Jesus as the Christ.

She immediately left me and never returned.

SECTION III

I decided to leave the east and went to El Paso, Texas—studying the New Testament all the way.

On Sunday night, February 19, 1928, I was baptized by Rev. Tom V. Neal, Pastor of the First Baptist Church of El Paso. On February 20, 1929, I was ordained to the Christian Ministry at the First Baptist Church of Abilene, Texas.

I returned immediately to New York City to start preaching. There I was arrested and held by the court on a charge of disorderly conduct and a public nuisance. I finally got out and went back to Texas and began doing personal Missionary work, which means talking directly TO Jews regarding Christ, and not merely talking ABOUT Jews before Church audiences of Christian people.

I speak to them in their own language, which they appreciate most. And

Every Messenger is precious.
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it along to a friend.

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\$2.50

Defender Publishers
Wichita, Kansas



since that time I have seen over 400 Jews openly accept Christ and everyone baptized according to the commandment.

Among these 400 whom I have brought to the Lord, were my own brother and his wife, located in the heart of the Jewish neighborhood on the border of the Bronx and New York City. Another was my sister, age 46, and her daughter, age 21, who were baptized immediately following conversion.

After that, two nephews accepted the Lord as Saviour. This happened recently, after seventeen years visiting them and testifying that Jesus was, and is, the very Christ. I am not able to describe the mighty miracles of salvation I have seen during these eighteen years of Christian life.

I do not boast about good deeds but I

am rejoicing that these things are being done to the glory of God. Jesus Christ gave Himself a ransom for me, and for all who believe in Him. He has every right to expect our best service in return.

I give my full time to Missionary work. I have come to know and enjoy the friendship of many wonderful Preachers of the Gospel. Among them is Rev. M. L. Moser, of Little Rock, Arkansas. He is Pastor of the Central Baptist Church where I have kept my membership for many years. Dr. Gerald B. Winrod is a good friend of mine and a helper in my Missionary work.

I long ago discovered that he is not anti-Jewish, as some would try to make it appear. While he does not want Christianity to be Judaized, or the United States Communized, yet he is a good

friend to Jews the same as other races of people, and he wants to see them accept Christ. I am personally acquainted with him for many years. He is a mighty preacher and very kind and friendly to me.

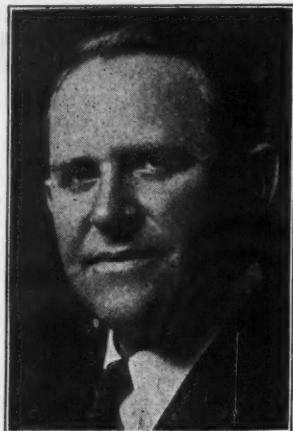
Again I want to thank Dr. Winrod for letting me tell my story. I want also to ask Defender Christians to pray for me and my work.

God wants His people to be missionary people — some to go, some to stay, pray and pay.

Vision without works is visionary.
Works without vision is mercenary.
Vision and works are missionary.

— Dan Hays.

DEFENDERS HELP EUROPE



DOCTOR LOUIS R. PATMONT internationally famous Preacher, Author, Missionary and Linguist . . . Bible-believing Christian and true man of God, is now touring Europe under the auspices of the Defenders of the Christian Faith—in the interests of suffering Christian Brethren in the war-torn areas of the continent.

Europe is a shambles. Language can not describe the scenes of devastation and misery which our friend is encountering. His reports to the Wichita Headquarters are written, as it were, with pen dipped in tears.

While ministering to the spiritual and material needs of believers, he is thinking and praying about the rehabilitation of Church life and Gospel work in that part of the world as a whole.

When his mission is finished, he will prepare a final report for MESSENGER readers, accompanied with recommendations showing what individual Christians in the United States can do to succor less fortunate Christian Brethren. Meanwhile, the following excerpts from letters, published in diary form, will prove interesting and useful for channeling prayer in their behalf.

Dr. Patmont's travels are made possible by the tithes, offerings and prayers of Defender Friends throughout the Nation. Vital excerpts from his recent letters to Wichita Headquarters are as follows:

Reporting from New York City . . . June 8, 1946.

Arriving here from Wichita and Washington, I found all steamship lines

A graphic eye-witness account of actual conditions in Europe. King say, For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me: Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me. chapter 25.

booked months in advance. But prayer was answered and I have succeeded in arranging a sailing date for July 3rd, that will put me in Gotenburg, Sweden July 12th. The ship will call at Danish and Norwegian ports enroute. I have secured necessary visas.

My vaccinations are coming along nicely. I have five more to go.

I neglected to tell you (Dr. Winrod), after we parted at Baltimore, that I dealt most of the night with a Jewish rabbi who was stopping at the same hotel. His name was Kobner. When I left, he took my hand, saying: "You have convinced me that Jesus is the Messiah." I hope he will follow up this good confession and become a Christian.

June 19th . . . from New York:

I had great pleasure in preaching at the Defenders Puerto Rican Missionary Church here last Sunday night. Five people accepted Christ and were taken into fellowship. Rev. and Mrs. Hernandez are fine workers.

I will appreciate having you send my heavy coat. It might also be well to take my pulpit gown along. It will be needed before returning, since I will preach in some Lutheran Churches in Sweden. One needs to be thus attired in high Church pulpits of the Scandinavian countries.

June 21st . . . from New York:

Thank you for the check of \$150.00 which came this morning. I sincerely trust the trip will bring forth the results expected by Defender Missionary people and give them many souls for their hire. I shall pray for you and hope that you will continue to remember me before the Throne of Grace also. I will report each week that I am abroad.

Enclosed find a letterhead of (name

of a certain society doing missionary work in eastern Europe). I have placed an x beside the name of the man in the group who is a Soviet spy.

Reporting from Copenhagen, Denmark . . . July 25, 1946.

Have spent the last ten days among Refugee Camps in Denmark. In reality these camps, in which there are over 300,000 men, women and children, are prison camps. All inmates are under guard. Many are Christians. All their possessions, including money, have been taken away.

Some Germans, residing in Denmark, who had been in business years before the war, were arrested and their possessions confiscated. They too are held in these camps. Many children are suffering from malnutrition. None have shoes and most of them are scantily clad.

I have distributed the equivalent to \$200.00 among the most needy Brethren met thus far. This seems like only a drop in the bucket, but if you could see the expressions on the faces of the recipients, you would know that even such a humble effort is not a small matter.

There are 80 more camps of civilians that I have not seen. Many prison camps, designated as such, are less than human. These places have been reserved for White Russians, Poles and people from the Baltic States who are being turned over to the Russians to spend the rest of their days as slaves.

Quite a few of them, especially soldiers who fought with the British, are shot upon arrival in Poland. I saw a young man who managed to get back

ROPE'S SUFFERING CHRISTIANS

conditions as observed by Dr. Louis Richard Patmont . . . "Then shall the
 ve meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye
 k, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me. Verily I say
 one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Matthew,

to Denmark after seeing three of his comrades killed by Communists. He and two others were stripped of their clothing and sent into the woods to fell trees. Polish patriots helped him escape. It is said there are 20,000 such "Stats-lase" refugees in Denmark. The police arrest these people upon sight and turn them over to the Russians. A reward is paid for their arrest. This is in accordance with the "Yalta Agreement" to which Roosevelt committed the United States.

Last fall, the Swedish government yielded to Soviet demands that 178 boys from the Baltic be returned to Riga, Latvia. They were taken from Stockholm on the Lend-Lease transport Murmansk. All of them were hung the day after their arrival. I saw their photographs in Stockholm. They looked like clean, refined young men. There were many Christians in the group. God only knows how many broken-hearted fathers, mothers and sweethearts suffered untold agonies from this act of barbarism.

Here is more cheerful news:

I preached in the fine "Christuskirke" of Copenhagen last Sunday. Preached again to a crowd of Russian immigrants Tuesday night. Yesterday I baptized two of my Russian converts. Will write more about such results later. I thank God for victory here.

I am leaving this morning for Sweden. Will go to the Finnmark later, which is Norway's most stricken area. I have distributed 2,000 portions of Scripture thus far in the Estonian, Polish, Russian and Yugoslavian languages. If you can send more help, I know you will do so as the need is desperate, and the challenge to serve our Christ even greater than I had supposed.

Reporting from the Finnmark, Norway . . . August 8, 1946.

The Finnmark, barren, cold and unfriendly to human beings, is loved by the people who live here. A thanksgiving service was held this evening. Thanks were given to God for preserving them through the perils of war. I never listened to more beautiful music, poetry and singing—all centering around the thought of God's care. As I rose to preach, it was impossible to hold back the tears.

The Norwegian Government has done much to rehabilitate the Finnmark. Buildings destroyed by the war will be rebuilt. The lack of vitamin-containing food is evident. The percentage of tuberculosis sufferers is very high. People, young and old, look worn and haggard. Most of them have no front teeth. Calcium is lacking in their food and water. I understand there are only two dentists left in the whole Finnmark and their practice is restricted to extractions.

This morning I was able to distribute chocolate and boxes of vitamins to many pale-faced children of Christian parents, who came to see me at the "Overnattingssheim" barracks where I make my quarters. The markers in the native cemetery show that few people in this Arctic region reach the age of fifty-five. A man at 60 is considered very old.

My principal diet, while here ministering to suffering Christians, will be fish—dried, fried and salted. Also whale boiled, made into swiss steaks, sausage and every imaginable dish. I have seen only one whale in the Arctic, but I have met the "gentleman" every day since then, disguised as pudding, bacon and every conceivable stew. With plenty of



DIDRICK T. SOLLI
 . . . Of the Finnmark . . .

onions and seasoning, which is seldom available, whale meat tastes quite good.

I AM IN THE LAND OF ANTON JOHANSEN, the famed Finnmark prophet who predicted both wars years in advance. He was known as a man of God and enjoyed the esteem of all the 40,000 people who, before the last war, made up the population of this remote part of Norway.

The Government also honored him by making him Land Commissioner. He had charge of the distribution of Government owned lands. His advice was sought by thousands. The Laps loved him. He never refused to answer the call from even the humblest hut, and led many to know the Lord Jesus Christ as personal Saviour.

Anton Johansen's mantle seems to

have fallen on Didrick T. Solli of Rossfjord Finnmark, Norway. This brother received a call to the ministry among the Laps, and natives of the Finnmark, while studying in a Lutheran Seminary at Oslo. He is a man of prayer and great power. He lives by faith. **THE DEFENDERS MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT WOULD DO WELL TO PRAY ABOUT THE POSSIBILITY OF HELPING THIS WARRIOR OF THE CROSS.**

August 13, 1946 . . . from Lebesby, Finnmark:

Motored over the repaired road from Skippagura to Ifjord where I took a fish-cutter boat to Lebesby. I am the first American to get into this remote place since the War

Stood by the grave of Anton Johansen. His brother Nils Oluf Johansen, died last May and is buried next to Anton's grave. There was no Minister available, so his funeral service was held last Sunday. Will send you details of this "strange man of God" as told me by Herr Bant Bogeberg, his personal friend, and also things I learned from Johansen's sister.

I had food in a Lappish tent enroute, consisting of dried fish and sour reindeer milk. I have preached Christ all along the way to these folk who suffered so much from the war. I have held meetings in Kirkeness, Vatsø, Tromsø, and at Johansen's grave; also at Vitsjoki, Finland.

Reporting from Stockholm, Sweden . . . August 22, 1946.

My ministry in the Finnmark has been very much worth while. One night was spent among the Laps in the hills near Tana. I hired transportation to take me around. The two days devoted to that trip will count for much in the extension of the Cause of Christ in those parts. I saw and heard many confess Him as personal Saviour. Brother A. Tegnander, a true Gospel man, works there. He needs missionary help from America.

It should be remembered that all these places have been burned to the ground by the war. The people live in dugouts, tents and barracks. There is very little bread, and practically no vegetables except potatoes. If the Lord wills, I intend to return to Spitzbergen.

I got here last night. I preached in Narvik last Sunday. Please explain to my many Defender Friends that it is impossible to write them individually, or to try to locate all whom they wish

me to see in Europe. I am holding about 300 such requests.

August 23rd . . . from Stockholm:

I am leaving for Poland next Monday. Will take a boat for Gdynia, then go to Warsaw, Lodz and other places to contact Christian Brethren. I know I am taking a big chance but feel that the opportunity of seeing things first hand, and helping restore the Gospel Message is worth the risk. We must do something to help the Brethren there with food and clothing.

One dollar is worth from 100 to 500 zloty. My cash is running low but I hope more will be on hand for me after I get back to Denmark. I do not like to be defeated in my determination to preach Christ in Poland and to bring comfort and help to the distressed who know Him. "Perish I, so perish II"—but there is still Isaiah 54:17.

You can not reach me in Poland as I will be traveling continually. I intend to come back to Copenhagen after getting out of Poland and Germany. There

who have escaped into the Finnmark. The Norwegian police arrests, and sends them back to Russia, where they are shot by Soviet orders. I found some of these, helpless, hopeless creatures were ready to hear the Gospel, despite the fact of having been raised in the atmosphere of atheistic Communism.

Reporting from Breslav, Poland . . . September 3, 1946.

Have visited a number of Polish cities since I left Warsaw. I received my Ph.D. degree at the University here, in 1906. The entire city is in ruins. Not one house remains undamaged. The suffering of the population in such cities will increase as winter approaches. There is food at present but prices are beyond the reach of most people. The need for clothing is urgent. Few medicines are available.

Regardless of conditions, I found it possible to preach three times last Sun-



This photograph sent from Poland by Dr. Patmont, shows the devastation of Warsaw. Like early Christians living in the Catacombs of Rome, Polish believers dwell in these ruins.

are no hotels in Germany, so I will keep going until I get out again. I intend to preach where possible, and give aid where I can do so, as long as my supply lasts.

Did I tell you the fate of some 300,000 Russian soldiers who were captured by the Germans in Norway? For some unexplained reason, they were arrested by the Soviet authorities when the Germans withdrew. Thereupon they were condemned to hard labor in the Petsamo nickel mines. Their sentences are from five to thirty-five years. Many of the red officers were shot upon repatriation.

I talked with several of these soldiers

day in Warsaw. I started this ministry while residing in Poland in the year 1916. Rev. Ludwik Szenderowski is leader of the work, whose letter to Dr. Winrod I am enclosing. Fortunately, he speaks and writes English.

It would be quite impossible for me to tell you of the tragedy which was enacted, in Warsaw, during and after the war. Enclosed find a photograph. I will write about these horrible happenings when I get back to Denmark.

Brother Szenderowski will have to feed hundreds of children who come to our Sunday Schools, or see them perish. Most people live in the ruins of the city.

Some are without shelter of any kind. The people's hearts are tender now. This is the time to give them the Gospel. I have seen many precious souls, dwelling in suffering bodies, graciously confess Christ during these days so far spent in Poland.

From here I go to Czechoslovakia and then through Germany. I have given away all the clothing I possess, except what is on my back. I am practically out of money but expect to find mail from you waiting when I get back to Copenhagen. I have confidence the Lord will not see me stranded. Have sold my fountain pen, typewriter and other personal things to help these poor Brethren.

Reporting from Amsterdam, Holland . . . September 25, 1946.

After traveling through the Russian and American Zones in Austria, I entered Switzerland and preached at Zurich and Baden. From there I went to Basel.

The Rhine river, which is known as the Maas and Waal rivers in Holland, after it divides into branches that empty into the North Sea and English Channel respectively, forms the dividing line of Switzerland and Germany along the entire Baden country.

The distress and hopelessness of the population in Austria and Germany is even greater than in Poland and Czechoslovakia. I expected conditions in France to be better, but found that as far as the common people were concerned, there was no improvement.

I was a guest of Russian Christian Brethren in Paris. I preached for them September 15th. Their Pastor, Brother Urban, is in America at present, but two Preachers whom he has trained are doing fine work in his absence.

The Russians of France (there are thousands of them), are for the most part revolutionary refugees. Many of them also came to France after the close of the second World War. They exist under distressing circumstances. Since they are not citizens of France, they may be long be deported to the Soviet Union.

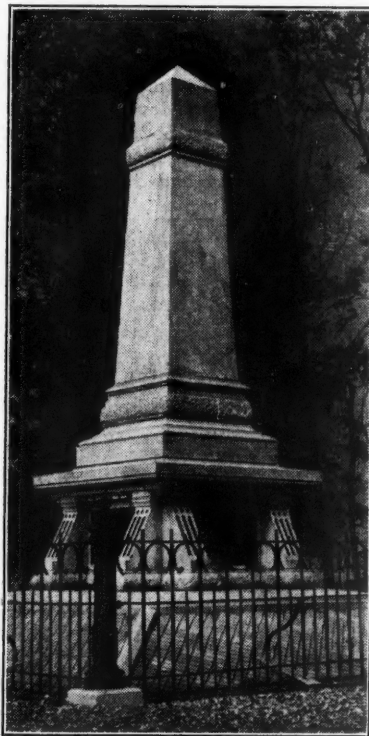
Many of these people are our Brethren in the Lord. I felt so helpless and ashamed because I could not render them more material assistance. I met many who would rather die than deny Christ.

Last Wednesday I came to Holland. I was delighted to observe that the MENNONITE CENTRAL RELIEF COM-

MITTEE OF AMERICA AND CANADA is doing such effective relief work here.

This Mennonite group owns trucks and cars which are used in the distribution of food and clothing, maintains a large warehouse, has executive offices in Amsterdam as well as a workers' home—where I have been a guest the last two days.

They are helping in the construction of houses destroyed during the war and have distributed ship loads of clothing and food to the needy. The Mennonites



The above Monument in Amsterdam, Holland marks the grave of the beloved Menno Simons . . . founder of the Mennonite faith.

have a warm place in the hearts of Hollanders. They have effectively demonstrated how efficient a united Christian brotherhood can work. Every section of the followers of Menno, in America and Canada, is represented in the relief work here.

I preached in the worker's home last Sunday night. The young Hollanders who heard me, were on fire for God, and give promise of reviving their Churches spiritually. The North American Mennonites are exerting a wholesome influence upon their Brethren in the Netherlands.

Will close at this time and translate some birth certificates for Russian Christians now in Holland, who hope to be

able to go to North or South America and start life again, where God can be worshipped without interference by the state.

Reporting from Copenhagen, Denmark . . . September 27, 1946.

Thank you for your letter of September 4th, which reached me this morning, containing \$100.00. It came just in time to save me serious embarrassment. Let Defender Christians know how much I appreciate the many small gifts which made this offering possible.

I have received no contributions from any sources, other than the Defenders Movement, since leaving America early last summer.

My trip through Germany convinced me that I must go back there again as soon as I can recover from THE HORRIBLE EXPERIENCE OF GOING WITHOUT FOOD FOR NEARLY A WEEK. One cannot buy victuals there under any circumstances. I should have taken food supplies with me when leaving Holland.

While in northern Germany I saw many starving children. Most people have tuberculosis. Ninety per cent of all homes and farms have been destroyed. The trains are so crowded that one gasps for breath. There are no hotels of any kind.

The population is desperate. Farms are being looted by roving bands of Polish soldiers who can no longer serve under the British flag, and who refuse to return to Poland for fear of being "liquidated" by the Communists.

I have a list of Russian and German Brethren in the Lord, whom I must help as soon as I can get supplies. They, like thousands of others, are practically without clothes to keep them from freezing as winter approaches.

September 30th . . . from Copenhagen:

The New York draft for \$200.00 came this morning. My heart is overjoyed. Thank you and all Defender "rope-

—TURN TO PAGE 13.

EVERY MISSIONARY-MINDED follower of Christ should read Rev. W. S. Dillon's new book entitled, "Reaching The Last Tribe In This Generation." PRICE 50 CENTS . . . Order from: Defender Publishers . . . Wichita, Kans.

KLAY INDUSTRIAL MISSION AND DEFENDERS CHURCH

NOW THAT CONDITIONS bordering more nearly upon normalcy are being restored than existed during the War, soul-winning work in various parts of the world is being rehabilitated.

Dr. H. H. Jones, Medical Missionary to Liberia . . . Superintendent of the Klay Industrial Mission . . . and Pastor of a Defenders Church, is now returning to the African field from his first furlough in the United States during the last seven years.

A native of Mississippi, graduating from Jackson College in 1898, possessed of a passion for lost souls, Dr. Jones went out to Africa in the year 1902. He has invested these intervening years and concentrated his efforts for most part, in that section of Liberia known as Klay County—north of the capital city, Monrovia.

Soon after his arrival in America several weeks ago, he journeyed from the Atlantic coast to Kansas. Important conferences were held. Plans were mapped for future expansion of the Gospel testimony in his part of the world. The eye-witness and oral report that he was thus able to give, proved of great value to Wichita Headquarters—much more satisfactory than relying upon the exchange of letters.

Thereupon, Dr. Jones left on a preaching tour of both white and Negro Churches, that took him into many parts of the United States and Canada. He showed stereopticon pictures in these travels and thereby interested many new friends in the work. In a letter written during this period, he said:

"I did so much enjoy my stay in Wichita. Keep praying for me that I shall be used of Him, all the time I am in the States. The people are begging on every hand to hear my story of Africa. It fills me with joy to discover that my group (Negroes) in America are

showing greater interest now, than before, in the welfare of their less fortunate brethren in Liberia."

Dr. Jones returned to Wichita for final conferences late in September. The accompanying photograph was made at the time of his departure.

* * *

IN ORDER TO RENDER maximum Missionary service, the converted African must be taught to work with his hands and at the same time develop the mental faculties—to become self-confident, self-reliant and self-supporting. Hence the establishment and maintenance, of



Farewell handshake at Wichita Headquarters as Dr. Jones was leaving to return to the field in Liberia, West Africa. The photograph shows Rev. J. M. Cottrell, Field Secretary of the Defenders Missionary Department . . . Dr. Winrod . . . and Dr. Jones.

the KLAY INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

Dr. Jones illustrates this fact by relating an incident that occurred while working one day, in a potato patch, back in the year 1915. He says:

"I was working on a potato row. An aborigine came along and asked me: 'Dahr (Daddy), what are you doing?'"

"I replied in the Golah language: 'Meah boneh eh eh-yibu (I am working up a potato row.)'"

"'Too much work,' he replied.

"'Yes, but more produce.'"

"He went away, but returned a few

weeks later. The ground was bursting open. He stopped and looked in amazement. A potato patch like that one, was all new to him.

"He said: 'Daddy, the potatoes are borning.'"

"I answered: 'Ahl yes, borning plenty!'"

"He walked away in an attitude of deep thought and meditation. I said: 'Good bye.'"

"In a few days he was back. He said: 'I am your stranger, calling to talk again about potatoes.'"

"I said: 'Yes, I remember you. What may I do for you?'"

"To my amazement he answered: 'I want to borrow your hoe.'"

"'What do you want to do with my hoe?'"

"'I am going to make a potato row like yours.'"

"Of course these conversations were all held in the native Golah vernacular.

"At that time, I had the only hoe in the entire Klay district. I said: 'All right, I will loan you my hoe this time, but when you get ready to make a potato row again, you go where I bought mine.'"

"What is the result? Today there are hoes all through that section. The Liberian Government is realizing substantial

revenue on the importation of hoes from Europe and America.

"And now, when the African comes to our Defenders Church on Sunday, he asks me about my potatoes at the close of Sunday School and Church services. He wants me to tell him how to make his potato vines healthy and the potatoes large.

"If I fail to tell them something about planting and harvesting, making the soil more productive and crops plentiful, they will remind me. The converted native loves God's Word, but he is also interested in growing potatoes. The

same is true with regard to chickens and farming in general.

"Products for which no markets even existed, are now being sold by native Christians today as a result of the work carried on through the Klay Industrial Mission and Defenders Church. Our climate is such that we raise thirteen crops of sweet potatoes a year and the same is true of other crops. Mother nature has blessed Liberian soil with a richness unknown, probably anywhere else on the globe."

★ ★ ★

THE TOWN OF KLAY, where the School and Church are located, consists of 152 thatched huts and approximately 500 persons. There is no other Church in the area and people walk twelve to fifteen miles to attend worship services. Our Klay County Mission Station influences the lives of more than 10,000 human beings.

There are, at the present time, 30 students in the School—16 boys and 14 girls. Five adults are in charge, making a total of 35 on the premises.

Dr. Jones is confident that there are in the student body this year, young people who will develop into leaders for the welfare of Liberia . . . and the extension of Christ's Cause in the part of the world which is so near and dear to his heart.

He believes that this important ministry is contributing to the fulfillment of the prophecy found in the book of Psalms: "ETHIOPIA SHALL STRETCH OUT HER HANDS UNTO GOD."

FROM PAGE 11

holders" for the gifts which comprise this substantial sum.

Princess Olga, sister of the late Czar Nicholas, has become interested in my sermons and labors for Christ here. I am to be her guest next Thursday. I pray that the Lord will give me the right words of testimony for her:

★ ★ ★

EDITOR'S NOTE:

This brings Dr. Patmont's European Missionary diary down to date. Even before the present MESSENGER comes from the press, other reports are sure to be received at Wichita Headquarters. These will be forwarded to friends and supporters of Defender Missionary work at a later time.

Every reader will now understand and



Glad Tidings Christmas Cards Series No. 546

- ★ Eight elegant French folds
- ★ Rich new designs
- ★ Generously embossed
- ★ Warm personalized sentiments
- ★ Choice Scripture texts
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30 cents the package

This year your Christmas cards will be a full expression of your best wishes to your friends. If you select the eight lovely French folds pictured above. Beautifully styled in a rich variety of new designs, they carry warm, personalized sentiments, the kind that Christians delight in sending and receiving at Christmas time.

And remember, Glad Tidings Christmas Cards are always kind to your budget. Rarely, if ever, has such an outstanding assortment of eight artistic, high-quality cards been offered at such a popular price. Get your full share of Glad Tidings Cards at once, and send them to your whole mailing list!

Defender Publishers Wichita, Kansas

better appreciate the great importance of these labors. Let all Prayer-Partners faithfully remember Dr. Patmont at the Throne of Grace. Eternity alone can reveal the value of this ministry in the salvation of souls, the comforting of suffering believers . . . and the preservation of Christ's Cause among the countries of Europe.

Dr. Patmont is a master linguist and this fact stands him well in the task now being performed. He knows the coun-

tries of Europe, having often toured them in the past. In fact, he resided there several years in his younger days.

The program is one of faith, in no way underwritten or guaranteed financially. Dr. Patmont will be able to continue only as praying Defender Friends send tithes and offerings to Wichita Headquarters, designated for this purpose.

. MESSENGER . . . 13

Another New Missionary Church

DR. DIEGO QUINTERO, a Christian layman and medical man of superior attainments, prefers Gospel preaching to the practice of medicine. He is qualified by training and experience, to serve in both fields. His home and office are in Bayamon, Puerto Rico.

For a long time, the spiritual needs of a locality entirely devoid of religious worship, called Toa Baja, laid heavily upon his heart.

Finally, under what he believed to be the leading of the Holy Spirit, arrangements were made to hold his first service there, last July 21st. By August 2nd, he was able to report 56 definite conversions.

He wrote Wichita Headquarters as follows: "I went to Toa Baja, near Bayamon, for the first time on July 21st, and to this time, August 2nd, we have 56 who have accepted our Lord.

"I go to that town every night in my car, so no material help is needed now, only your prayers. All the meetings are out in the open air, but when a Church is organized we will have to get a building some way. God will provide. It's a revival.

"I expect to have a building and I hope some day to see Dr. Winrod preaching to us in it. Prayer is asked

for these 56 who have come into Christ's fold."

Again on August 13th, Dr. Quintero was able to report other victories, concluding his letter with the following plea: "We must think about a building for worship in Toa Baja, and I plead with Defender people in the United States to pray that this will come to pass."

On September 12th, Dr. Rodriguez included this terse, but meaningful remark, in his weekly report to Wichita:

"Last Tuesday evening was held the first baptismal service in the new Seminary-Church building at Rio Piedras.

"Dr. Quintero brought ten of the new converts from Toa Baja and in the presence of a large audience, they were baptized. Included in the list of candidates were also several from the local congregation."

★ ★ ★

THE FOLLOWING REPORTS have been gleaned from other recent letters sent by Dr. Rodriguez to Wichita Headquarters:

"We have started a new work in Hoare Settlement near San Juan. The Pastor is Rev. Victor Rosa. I am enclosing a picture of the baptismal service

just held there. This is a very destitute place, where people need moral and spiritual uplift, as much as any place on this Island."

"All our stations are active in the quest for souls. Last week's evangelistic meeting in Central Loiza was greatly blessed. Isla Verde is holding special services during this week."

"Many are suffering from hunger, for the first time in Puerto Rican history. Food conditions are very serious. Prices are beyond the clouds. Strikes have become a fashion."

"Puerto Rico has been fortunate as far as recent earthquakes are concerned. Our poor neighbor, the Dominican Republic, continues to suffer. It is feared the province, Samana, a good seaport, may disappear. The topography of that part of the country has been completely changed by the action of earth and sea quakes. So the Dominicans are greatly alarmed and full of anguish."

"Great expectancy exists for the coming of the Oliver Williams Evangelistic Party after the turn of the new year. Each member will be put to work in Defender ranks, holding meetings before great crowds at night, and teaching in the Seminary during the days that they are here."



Our Homes --- American Hope

Dr. I. R. Wall . . . Sacramento, California

"WALK ABOUT ZION, and go around about her: tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces; that ye may tell it to the generations following." Psalms 48:11-12.

One day Sennacherib, with his powerful Assyrian army, together with other kings and their armies, surrounded Jerusalem for the purpose of besieging it. But when they counted the watchtowers and reviewed her ramparts, and scanned her citadels and recognized that it was a strongly fortified city, they "marveled" and were "troubled" and "hasted" away, saying: "The city's defenses are too many and too strong for us."

The American commonwealth was built upon the faith and ideals of our forefathers who laid a foundation in the Word of God and the Church of God. Prayer and Bible reading belong as much to the American institutions as they did to ancient Israel. Into the walls and ramparts of Jerusalem had gone not only honest work but prayer and faith and worship. Thus when the enemy came, he found them too strong for conquest and they were saved.

There was a time when the God of the Bible and the faith of our fathers was our strong tower. When no storm or danger could swerve us from our course; when we knew that the eternal God was our refuge and that we were

safe within our own bulwarks.

Things are different now. America's homes are to a large extent devoid of Bible reading, prayer and worship of God. Where once fathers and mothers gathered their families about them for Bible study and prayer, they now read the papers, go to the theatres, or spend the evening at other questionable places. Some places are quite harmless in themselves, but for the fact that they rob the family of fellowship and study of the better things of life.

There are many problems in the average home, unknown even to neighbors, but which come to the attention of the Ministers of the Gospel. There is much unrest and feeling of insecurity.

People come to us with their fears and heartaches when they can go nowhere else. Yet they do not seem to realize that the way to peace and quietness was always open for them.

Because we have not built on God, with the help of divine wisdom; because we have not built for eternity, but only for today, and selfishly, we lack the moral character necessary to stand in the storms of life.

Chivalry is a thing almost of the past. Young men hardly know any longer how to act when they meet young women. Many times we have been embarrassed as we have seen and heard young men sometimes in uniform, yelling at girls walking down the street—girls who did not wish to be yelled at! But can we consistently expect children to be better than the homes that produce them?

What is more, young people generally lack proper respect for God, the Bible and holy things. Their conversation betrays this fact. They speak of the vulgar and blasphemous without compunction. But can we expect it to be otherwise when the restraining hand against such behavior is too often lifted in the home?

Fathers and mothers are definitely responsible, in the matter of character building, for their children. There is a tendency to try to shift this responsibility to the school, the theater, and the funny paper, if you please!

Unfortunately, many children are carried into wrong paths by following the example of their parents. Now we have a big crop of juvenile delinquency . . . and some people wonder why. **THE CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE IS AT HOME.**

A southern Evangelist used to tell this story: A snow had fallen in a north Texas city. An attorney in the community made it a practice to pause every morning at a certain saloon on his way to the office. On this particular morning, he had his arms full of law books, was taking long strides, leaving tracks in the snow, heading straight toward the saloon.

Glancing back over his shoulder he saw the figure of a small boy trailing behind. He recognized the lad as being

A Gratifying Report

Rev. Jacob Rosenthal reports from Rochester, Minnesota:

"I am pleased to tell you that I had a Jew, a resident of Des Moines, who was in a local hospital, saved two weeks ago.

"His wife was present when I testified and when he confessed Christ, she left at once and returned to Des Moines.

"He recovered and also went to Des Moines and was baptized last Sunday night (August 11th) by the Church there. My personal testimony goes on from day to day."

his own son. The little fellow was stretching his legs, trying as best he could, to step in his daddy's tracks.

The Evangelist explained that this experience brought about the conversion of the attorney, who finally came to understand the responsibility of parents to their offspring. No other institution can take the place of the home, for shaping the character of children, along righteous lines. Pity the child who is denied these advantages!

What is needed in America, even more than wage increases, better housing conditions, better associations, better working advantages and better schools—**IS MORE FAMILY ALTARS.**

African Music Box

A Missionary, carrying a large black box, entered a little African village.

Natives quickly gathered, eyeing the box—with expressions of mingled fear and curiosity on their faces. They wondered if it was some new kind of fetish. Thus, they mistook the man of God, for a witch-doctor. Some were timid, and pre-

ferred to remain on the outer fringe of the crowd.

Choosing a small, conveniently located mound, the Missionary placed the object on the ground and began unfastening the straps. Then by twisting a few gadgets and pulling a handle at the top, the lid lifted and the box began to unfold. The villagers stared in utter amazement.

When he had completed the task of unfolding and placing it firmly on the ground, he began fingering small, ivory objects near the top. Beautiful music filled the air!

Fear and suspicion vanished. The people moved nearer. The stranger began to sing. Then he spoke in native vernacular which they understood. He told them about the great God and Creator, whose handiwork they saw in nature . . . coming down to this earth, revealing himself to humanity in the Person of His Son.

It was a new story to these backward, benighted people . . . and they heard it gladly.

Missionary Messenger

Published in the Interest of Defenders
Foreign Missionary Work

Rev. Gerald B. Winrod, D. D.,
Editor



The Prophecies Of Anton Johansen

"THE PROPHECIES OF ANTON JOHANSEN" is the title of a book containing the prognostications of the famous Norwegian Christian Seer, to whom Dr. Patmont refers in the accompanying article. Johansen's amazing disclosures, made before the first World War, are being studied by Christians everywhere. Rev. Nathaniel Carlson translated them from the original Scandinavian languages . . . PRICE 50 CENTS.

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Twelve Years On The Radio

"WE HAVE just closed another year of radio work, which makes us twelve years of daily broadcasting, in both Spanish and English," says Rev. Arthur W. Pain, Pastor of the International Church of the Air.

Writing from his headquarters in Havana, Cuba, where he broadcasts daily through a chain of ten stations, he continues: "During these twelve years, it has not always been easy to 'keep on keeping on.' Satan has created many barriers. Opposition has sometimes developed from unexpected sources. Moreover, it has not always been easy to get up each morning at four or five o'clock and go to the station, considering that we have often come home tired at midnight from tent evangelistic services.

"In fact, during these twelve years, we have completely worn out five Gospel tents. We feel well repaid, however, because it is worth everything to see souls saved.

"Hundreds of thousands have heard the Gospel through the radio, multitudes in remote places where they could only have been reached on the wings of the air. God has truly answered prayer during these twelve years."

DIFFERENT MISSIONARY FUNDS

The Defenders of the Christian Faith, Inc., maintains a separate Missionary Fund for each of the fields discussed, from time to time, through the columns of the MESSENGER. Offerings are deposited with meticulous care, to the fund or funds, designated by the person sending the gift.

Some friends contribute regularly to one particular field, while others spread their offerings over two or more fields. Some concentrate their prayers upon one particular field, while others pray for the work in several different fields.

But through the combined efforts of the entire Family of MESSENGER Readers, the validity of the old adage is established to the effect that, "In Union There Is Strength."



OTHER NOTES gleaned from recent letters sent to Wichita Headquarters by Mr. Pain, include the following :

"Last night, at the conclusion of our Gospel service in the tent, an old man approached me. He said, 'Tyn't this "your Bible" which comes over CMQ the first hour every morning?' We told him that it was. He then replied, 'For many years I have been listening to this

program. I came tonight because I heard your announcement this morning.' He had walked two miles through the mud to be in his FIRST Gospel service."

"Will all Christians please pray for the Tent meetings, Bible Institute, Radio broadcasts, Testament distribution and the needs of the Farm. We are desperately in need of a barn and silo."

"There is a growing hunger for Christ in Cuba. Calls from needy villages come to us almost daily. Truly the fields are ripe unto the harvest. Our young people are doing splendid work in response to these calls. Many precious souls are being saved through their labors."

"Your very greatly appreciated letter and offering of \$50.00 enclosed brings us encouragement. Give our thanks to the MESSENGER Readers who sent this money for us. It is wonderful how God supplies our needs so that we can keep going. I want to assure you that this \$50.00 came at an opportune moment."

CEDARS OF LEBANON

THERE are many references to the "cedars of Lebanon" in the Old Testament. These passages of Scripture have become more meaningful to Messenger Readers since the Defenders Movement interested itself in Missionary work on Mount Lebanon, two years ago.

Dr. Clarence Macartney, Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania once visited Lebanon . . . and in a book just published, entitled "Macartney's Illustrations," gives this vivid description of the cedars as he observed them:

"Far beyond the highest villages — at an altitude of nine thousand feet, where all other vegetation has ceased I came upon a sacred grove of four hundred of the cedars of Lebanon.

"I went often to visit them and to worship in this forest shrine — at twilight,

when the great shadows were falling over the face of the yellow mountains; at night, when the stars were looking down upon the trees; and at sunrise, when bars of golden light lay across the evergreen branches of the trees.

"Sometimes the cedars, moving in the evening wind like colossal harps touched by the fingers of the wind, give forth a sad, but beautiful music. But most impressive are the cedars when not a breath of air is stirring. In that awesome and overwhelming silence those great trees reign like monarchs of another world. The silence is vocal with the history of the kingdoms and empires which have waxed and waned during the life of a single one of those trees.

"At night when the stars come out and pitch their shining tents in the canopy of heaven, looking down upon the mighty mass of the mountains and the cedars of Lebanon, all silent, sad, and majestic, it seems as if the world has come to worship at this throne and altar of nature's trinity of grandeur, silence, and peace — the stars, the mountains, and the cedars of Lebanon."



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